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Everybody Seems to Have Entered the Competition.

Julian Hawthorne Likely to Be Dizzy Before the Tournay Closes.

Each Mail Brings Hundreds of Dreams to "The Evening World" Office.

CONDITIONS OF THE TOURNAMENT.

A gold double eagle goes to the author of the most remarkable dream. Julian Hawthorne, the popular novelist, is the judge. The dreams must be authentic, written on one side of the paper, as short as possible (many of those received are altogether too long) and, above all, interesting.

Lucky Boy!

I dreamed last night that I challenged Jake Kilrain to fight in some Western town, but when I came to the ring he refused to fight, and I was awakened by the alarm clock.

X. Y. Z., Brooklyn.

A Dream of the Tariff.

I dreamed that the flying machine had been perfected, but the United States had been refused to keep out the good things the flyers would bring us.

G. H. FREEDOM.

Caught His Own Nose.

I dreamed that some long-nosed animal was creeping between me and the wall. I grasped it, and in my efforts to conquer it I awoke, and to my surprise I had a tight grip on my own nose.

Elkton, Mo.

The Dream Was Five Minutes' Present.

Shortly after having a watch showed to me I was sent to Pittsburgh, where I dreamed that I had neglected to wind it and it stopped at 7.20, and in reality it stopped at 7.25—just five minutes after the time indicated in my vision.

FRAUD, 48 Ninth street.

Some Truth in This Dream.

After estimating the circulation of THE EVENING WORLD yesterday I retired to bed and dreamed that the editors of the whole world met, and it was decided that the circulation of THE EVENING WORLD was three times that of any other paper in the world.

ADAM LITTELL.

A Nemore Regiment.

I dreamed that while walking up Sixth avenue I encountered a regiment of soldiers in gray uniforms running down the avenue with leveled bayonets. Two of the soldiers carried large American flags, while a dozen or more carried large black banners, and at the last came a negro with a black flag that seemed to float over the heads of the running soldiers like an immense black cloud.

WILLIAM, Hudson street.

No Faith in Dream "Tips."

As a reader of your valuable paper I take the liberty of relating my dream, which is just the opposite of H. A. D.'s. Some time ago I dreamed that Flush won, I played and lost. I played the second time and lost again. Later I dreamed that Carlow paid \$23.75 straight in the putts. I played this and lost also. I therefore decided that dream "tips" are not worth playing.

L. F. W.

Another "Syndicate" Dreamer.

I was a great admirer of the story "The War Syndicate." So one night about 11 o'clock, as I was reading the last chapter of the story, I fell asleep. I dreamed that I was to give the signal when the cars were to be banded London. Having given the required signal, I had barely reached a place of safety when I was startled by hearing a terrific roar. I jumped up from the chair and found that the clothes-pole in the yard had fallen down.

H. M. G.

It Was an Omen of Death.

In the year 1877 I was on a voyage from New Bedford to Africa. On the 9th day of June, at 3 o'clock A.M. I was aroused from a dream by the calling of the port watch. I thought I was in a graveyard, strolling around reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. While there I saw a funeral procession come up the road. I watched the casket as it was brought to the grave, and listened to the burial service, then the pastor said that all who desired to look on the face of the deceased for the last time could do so. As I bent forward to look, my foot slipped and I fell forward. Three times I tried to

look, and three times the lid shut. Then the sexton said it was not for me to see the face of the deceased, and as I turned away I was awakened by the calling of the watch. The dream impressed me so much that I entered it in my diary. Some two months after that I got a letter in Kabondor from my father, saying my mother had died on June 9 at 5 o'clock. My dream came at 3 A. M.

THE DREAMER.

'Twas All Too True.

A short period before my marriage I dreamed that I stood in my bridal dress before a mirror, when to my horror I saw on my left shoulder a large rosette of black crepe with a sash that touched the ground. In my dream I found myself married, and some time had elapsed, when to my great sorrow I found myself deserted by my husband. My sorrow was indescribable. I was much relieved on awakening to find that it was only a dream. However, in three months after, my dream proved a reality, and blighted my youthful life. J. R., 845 Park avenue.

A Singular Coincidence.

I dreamed that I was standing in a gambling saloon near a table where there were a number of soldiers seated playing cards. I saw one of them draw a pistol and fire, another jumped up, when a third escaped from the place, but was pursued by the last one, killed and thrown over an embankment by him. I saw the blood dripping from the bartender's hands as he returned. Next day we received a letter from a soldier in Montana, saying one of his comrades was killed and thrown over an embankment the night before by a bartender in a gambling saloon in Montana. Mrs. C. D. TRENCH, 634 Perry street, Trenton, N. J.

An Honest Dreamer.

On my way home from business last Tuesday, directly opposite THE EVENING WORLD office I found a pocketbook containing \$5.00. I determined to advertise it, knowing that if the party who lost the money were on terra firma, the "ad" in THE EVENING WORLD would surely reach him. Sure enough, the following morning a gentleman appeared at the appointed place and described accurately the amount and contents of book. Thanking me kindly and counting out \$2.00 he was about to hand it to me when I awoke and found it was only a dream.

T. G. C.

1015 Summit avenue, Jersey City Heights.

We Have No Wax Newsboys.

One night after having been at the Eden Musee, I scarcely touched the pillow when I dreamed that I was there again in the hall looking at the wax figure which represents a newsboy. When I wanted to pass on the boy stopped and offered me an EVENING WORLD. I looked at him and asked him to nearer to him. "Buy the EVENING WORLD and see the Dream Tournament," he exclaimed. My hand stretched out for the paper, but suddenly he vanished. I got dizzy, did not see anything about me and at last I awoke, and saw that it was a subject for the Dream Tournament. MORRIS G., 11 East Broadway.

Found a Lot of Money.

One evening I lay on the sofa and began to think. Suddenly I jumped up, put on my hat and went out in the street. I walked along with my eyes fixed on the ground, when suddenly I stopped. There on the ground before me was a pocket-book, while scattered around it was a number of twenty-dollar gold pieces. I picked them all up and put them in my pocket. Opening the pocket-book, I found it contained a lot of bills of the denomination of \$100 each. I put it in my pocket and then looked around to see if anybody saw me pick it up, when I awoke. M. H. FOX, 168 Forsyth street, City.

Dreamed He Was Dreaming.

I dreamed I was in danger from those who sought my life. While in great distress I experienced a consciousness which told me that instead of being where I seemed to be I was in reality safe at home, dreaming the circumstances which seemed to environ me. Could I but wake myself all would be well. These dreamers were close enough to my head at the nearest point in a futile effort to awake and then rushed headlong down a flight of stairs, resulting in my real awakening and riding myself of a horrible nightmare. I have concluded that one lobe of the brain must have retained the consciousness which accompanies our valiant moments, while the other went on in dreamland. FRANK A. SNEY, 227 East Twelfth street.

The Charleston Earthquake Recalled.

On the 19th of August, 1886, I dreamed I was sitting with my boy in a field by the side of a railroad embankment, when suddenly the earth gave way, the houses fell all around and the people began to run and scream with terror. I began to run, and was overtaken by a man pale as death, who said: "Did you see the sky?" I looked up and saw fire coming out of the clouds. The next night at 8 o'clock I saw the fire, just as I saw it in my dream, come down in a very large meteor. Then came the news of the terrible earthquake at Charleston, which was my dream to the letter. HENRY KING, 804 West Twenty-eighth street.

The Correct Way to State It.

El Smith, "O—I see the Harvard nine is going to play with professionals this year."

Pure Blood

Is absolutely necessary in order to have perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier, quickly conquering scrofula, salt rheum and all other insidious enemies which attack the blood and undermine the health. It also cleans up the whole system, cures dyspepsia, headache and overcomes that tired feeling which is the result of a sluggish circulation. "I have been troubled by a scrofulous affection all my life. It is one of the most terrible of all diseases, and for several years has rendered me unable to labor much. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I have been using for intervals for ten years, is the best thing I have ever taken. I am now 60, and my general health is much better than ever." H. O. ABBOTT, Warren, N. H.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DROPS OR DOLLAR

THE BOB-VEAL SCARE.

IMPOSSIBLE FOR THAT UNWHOLESOME MEAT TO GET INTO NEW YORK.

Health Inspectors Keep a Close Watch On the Railroad Depots and Have Orders to Destroy Every Pound in Transit to the City—The Alarm Sounded by One of the Railroads, Which Accuses Its Rivals.

A despatch from Albany says that the State Board of Health has notified the health officers all along the line of the New York, Ontario and Western Railroad that they must keep a close lookout for shipments of bob veal.

The State Board has in its rules for the guidance of local boards a special clause with reference to the shipment of bob veal.

The reason for the reminder sent out to the inspectors was in a complaint by the Ulster and Delaware Railroad, which recited that while that road was complying with the orders of the Board in refusing shipments of bob veal other roads were receiving this prohibited freight at Delhi, Hainden and other points, bound for the New York market.

An EVENING WORLD reporter visited Washington Market this morning, and interviewed a score of butchers in reference to the despatch.

They all declared that if any bob veal was being sold here they were ignorant of it.

"Why," said one butcher, who was approached by the reporter, "there is no such thing as bob veal in this market. The butchers here are too honest to deceive the public by selling any such stuff."

Even if some of them were inclined to do so they would not be allowed to sell it, as the New York health inspectors are too sharp, and the law-breaker would lose all of his stock.

The EVENING WORLD reporter examined the veal exposed for sale on several stands, but failed to find any meat that would not pass the scrutiny of the city's health inspectors.

Some of it was rather light, but weighed over fifty pounds—the limit prescribed by law.

"Bob" veal is not meat that has become tainted, but is so called because of its lack of meat, and because there is no nourishment in it whatever.

It is usually sold for about five or six cents a pound, whereas good veal is worth 12 and 15 cents.

It is unhealthy on account of its lack of nourishment, and people who eat it are liable to become nauseated and otherwise indisposed.

Inspector Beatty, of the Health Department, said to an EVENING WORLD reporter that the Department has received no notice from the State Board of Health that bob veal is being shipped to New York.

"It can't get into this city, anyhow," he added. "This is about the time when it might be expected, and our inspectors have instructions to keep a close watch on all the railroads."

They will see that every pound of it is destroyed before it gets into New York City."

"REWARD" IS THE PUBLIC WELFARE.

If the Necessary Amendment Is Adopted "The Evening World" Will Be Satisfied.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:

In reading to-night's issue of THE EVENING WORLD my blood seemed to boil at the cut-rate in the Tina Weiss case. All credit to THE EVENING WORLD, and success to its amendment. As you did in the Josie Shephard case, so do in this, and your reward will come, if not in this world but surely in the world to come.

ALEX. J. WARD, 149 East Fifty-second street.

Unworthy of a Barbarous Race.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:

I seldom express myself upon what I read in papers, but in the matter of little Tina Weiss I speak as I feel. It is "an outrage" upon humanity and human instincts that such an infamous law, not worthy of a barbarous race, should longer exist upon the statute books of a civilized people, whereby children can be taken from their parents, leaving them no appeal, as in the case at issue and that of Josie Shephard. It is also strange that human beings can be found who are so anxious to enforce this law. I am a father of two little girls. The people are with THE EVENING WORLD, and may success crown your efforts.

JUSTICE, 420 East Seventy-ninth street, New York City.

WORLDLINGS.

Robert Browning, the poet, is short and stout, with a ruddy and the general appearance of a man who enjoys a good dinner. He is one of the greatest diners-out in England and is a most agreeable table companion.

Mr. W. I. Way, of Topeka, Kan., is a bibliomaniac whose collection of books is considered the finest in the world. He has more than 100,000 volumes, and his collection is the most complete of the best Paris binders.

Mrs. Maria F. Montgomery, the widow of Gen. Bacon Montgomery, whose death was recently announced, was a famous Confederate spy in war times and distinguished herself by carrying dispatches to Gen. Lee. She was once arrested and searched by the Federal authorities, but despatches that were concealed in the soles of her shoes escaped detection.

Bella Starr, the female desperado recently shot in Indian Territory, was forty-four years old. She was a picturesque figure, but she was by no means an attractive woman. She was below medium height, rather fleshy, and dressed in a rough nondescript costume in which the masculine and feminine features of dress were strangely blended. She was a perfect horseman, and celebrated for her daring as a rider.

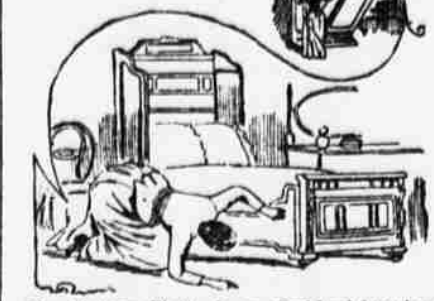
OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

W. L. HOLMAN

ECHOES FROM WITVILLE.

SAYINGS OF THE FUNNY MEN WHO HAIL FROM THERE.

Force of Habit.
(From Peck.)



Mrs. Upton Flatts is so afraid of burglars that she never lets down the folding bed at night without locking under it for a man.

A Welcome Relief.

Servant opening the door—Beg pardon, General, but Mr. Bigglech, the life insurance agent, is in the waiting-room.

Gen. Harrison surrounded by office-seekers and looking up with a great sigh of relief—Send him in.

The Sweet Sorrow of Parting.

(From the Epiph.)

"Clara," shouted the old man, "hain't that young fellow left the house yet? It's late."

"Yes, papa," answered the girl in a smothered hump-meat tone of voice, "he's all ready; he's got on his hat and coat and he'll be gone in about five minutes."

He Believed in License.

(From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.)

"We can count you with us I hope, Mr. Sprink," said the Prohibition Advocate to the coming cop.

"No, I think not," said the long-haired one.

"How's that?"

"I believe in license, you see—poetic license!"

It Wounded His Eyes.

(From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.)

"This small type," remarked the Snake Editor as he looked over a morning paper, "reminds me of the source of the Mississippi River."

"Why?" asked the Horse Editor.

"Because it is an eye-taker."

The Real Reason Why.

(From the Christian Advocate.)

A gentleman, addressing the scholars of a large school, observed among the decorations about the room an American flag, and said:

"Children, can any of you tell me why that flag was hung there?"

"To hide the dirt," quickly responded one sharp boy who had assisted in making the preparations for the occasion.

Would Find Out.

(From the Terre Haute Express.)

"Paw," said the little boy in the street car, "what is a monkey and parrot time?"

"Don't ask so many questions before folks," replied the old man as he perplexedly fingered a string tied in his buttonhole and wondered whether if he meant potatoes or needles; "wait till we get home."

A Great London Artist.

(From the London Globe.)

We read that Mr. Sargent, who is painting or has painted a portrait of Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, "has been very happy in the way in which he has caught the subtle, ever-changing expression of the face. On this he may fairly be congratulated. An artist who can reproduce an 'ever-changing' expression must indeed be a great master."

On the Georgia Sea-Board.

(From Time.)

Enthusiasm from the North—I was just watching those clouds over there. Note the beautiful rich red.

His friend—You'll excuse me, but I've just noted the beautiful poor white coming over the rice-field with a gun.

THE GENUINE

Johann Hoff's Malt Extract,

THE BEST NUTRITIVE TONIC

FOR

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nursing Mothers, the Weak and Debilitated.

Put up in this style only.

Extract for the past five years in my private practice, and have found it to be the best health-restoring beverage and tonic nutritive known. I have found it especially good for persons convalescing from fever, in cases of dyspepsia, for mothers nursing, and in cases of weakly children, and also in lung troubles. My attention was drawn by the immense importation semi-monthly, and about a million of bottles imported by you have passed my inspection in the Custom-House satisfactorily for the past five years.

Yours respectfully,

W. W. LAMB, M. D.

Chief Drug Inspector

U. S. Post Philadelphia.

Beware of imitations. The "Genuine" has the signature of "JOHANN HOFF" and "MORITZ EISNER" on the neck of every bottle.

Johann Hoff, Berlin, Paris, Vienna.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agents,

6 BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK.

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